

## **We Could Write a Bad Romance** by **dvorahbee**

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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**Summary:**

AU- Steve is Dustin's adoptive dad/big brother. They're trying to live their lives as peacefully as possible when Dustin's basketball coach, Billy, turns out to be kind of an ass. Steve will find himself oddly attracted to the weirdo. A weird friendship is born, and more.

## 1. What a dick.

“Dustin, you better be up and getting ready, or I swear to G-od!”

“I’m up, no need to get your panties in a twist!” Dustin shouted from his bedroom.

Steve rolled his eyes. Seriously, this kid was driving him mad. He was currently making him a sandwich for lunch because he rarely had change to give him, but Dustin usually didn’t complain, so their system worked.

It will almost be a year since Steve had signed all the paperwork to adopt Dustin. He was a pain in his ass, but he couldn’t imagine his daily life without the kid, now. That being said, if that same kid didn’t hurry up, Steve would let him walk all the way to school.

“You know I get ready super fast, why are you being a dick every morning?” Dustin grumbled as he came in the kitchen.

“Watch your fucking language! And you know the deal- late for school, walking there.”

“That doesn’t even make sense, that would only make me even later.”

“And you’d be the only one to blame for that,” Steve told him as he put the sandwich and an apple in a paper bag.

“Yeah, but would the social worker believe you or me?” Dustin asked, grinning.

“Little shit. Let’s go,” he said as he grabbed his keys.

Dustin always insisted on passing by Lucas’s house to get him, so Dustin and him were chatting away in the backseat about some weird video game while Steve drove.

“Yo, Steve, thanks for driving me again,” Lucas told him as he pulled up in front of the school.

“Do I even have a choice?”

“Shut up, you secretly care about us,” Dustin cracked up.

“Nope. Absolutely hate you, that’s why I adopted you.”

“You guys are so lame,” Lucas said, exiting the car.

“Don’t skip practice after class, little shit,” Steve told Dustin, who had gotten the bad habit of skipping those very practices.

“Come on!” Dustin whined. “I can totally study with the boys instead.”

“No. You skipped way too much last year. If the social worker hears that you’re skipping classes again it’ll go back to me and then shit will happen, you know that.”

“I do, but, ugh, I hate that dickhead of a coach.”

“Langu- whatever. Get out, I’ll be there at 16:30.”

\*

The plan was to work at the cinema from 11:00 to 16:00, then go get Dustin at school, go back home, homework for Dustin and his own online homework for college. They’d been doing that for almost a year now and it was working. It was not perfect, but it was a nice rhythm that fitted both boys.

Working at the cinema wasn’t too hard or complicated. He was at the cash register or behind the food counter. People usually didn’t even notice him, who he was. And when they did, all the same questions were asked- isn’t it you that adopted that kid last year? Aren’t you too young to be a dad? Why would you waste your youth like that?

He hated the constant questioning coming from everyone and anyone. He could handle looks and talks around town, but the questions always made him so mad. Sure, he might be too young, but he wasn’t a dad, properly speaking, he was more of a big brother.

Yes, that's what he was, and he wasn't complaining. As he'd said. Dustin was a pain in the ass, but he was fond of the kid.

Also, wasting his youth? What kind of rubbish shit was that? He was owing his own money, he was following online college courses, and was taking care of a 14-year-old boy. Everything was fine. Sure, he didn't really have time to date anyone. He didn't really get out with friends unless it was family dinners at the Byers or Wheelers so he would catch up with Jonathan and Nancy.

He was doing just fine. Nothing missing to his life, thank you very much.

\*

It was 16:42 and Steve was waiting in his car, drumming his fingers on the wheel. What was Dustin doing? They both had homework, and then dinner to make. He looked around and tried to get a look at the field, but the front of the main school building was hiding it.

"Fuck it," Steve muttered and got out of his car. He walked towards the field. If Dustin was just messing around with Lucas, Will, Mike, Eleven and Max, instead of just going home, he would drag him to the car. He didn't have time for this shit. *They* didn't have time for this shit. They had a schedule to keep.

He came to a stop when he had just reached around the building and the field came into view. Dustin was there alright, but none of his nerd friends were there. Instead, he was sat on a bench while a guy was talking to him about something, gesturing around the field. The hell? Who was that guy and what did he want with Dustin?

"Erm, excuse me? What's going on here? Dustin needs to-" Steve had started saying as he arrived closer to Dustin and the mysterious guy. However, he came to an abrupt stop when the guy turned around.

Okay. Who was *that*? He was wearing (*very*) short shorts, a shirt that was open way too much for it to be acceptable on school grounds.

His hair was curly and styled in a ridiculous mullet. His eyes were light grey or blue, Steve wasn't sure, but the eyes were staring back at him. Right. He scratched his throat.

"What's going on?" Steve asked, looking between the blue-eyed guy and Dustin who was looking at his feet kicking the ground.

"And you are?" Stranger asked, the words coming out in a deep throaty voice that made weird things to Steve's stomach. Right.

"Dustin's legal guardian. Now, who are *you*?"

"His coach, Billy, nice to meet you" he said as he reached out to shake his hand.

Oh, okay then. *That* was the coach.

"Okay, and why did you need him for ten minutes after practice ended? I'm sorry but we have to go home."

"You could teach Dustin basketball properly while you're at it," the coach said.

"Excuse me?"

"If he knew how to play he wouldn't be benched for each game, and we wouldn't be here right now."

"You're the coach, aren't you supposed to teach him?"

"I can't teach one kid how to play when the rest of the class is ready to have a proper game."

"But I don't even like basket," Dustin mumbled. And, yes. Steve knew that. His coach however, didn't seem to.

"Come on, everyone loves basket, but I guess if that's where your spirit's at then you can get well acquainted with the bench."

"What kind of shitty pedagogy is that? Is bringing your student down a thing? I could definitely report this shit. Dustin is not fond of sports, let him fucking be dude," Steve told the guy who looked his

own age if barely older. He was sure you weren't supposed to talk like that to a teacher but the guy – *Billy* – was the coach, young, and apparently kind of an asshole.

“Get down your high horse, sports are compulsory and so is Dustin playing,” Billy said, smirking.

“We’ll see about that,” Steve told him as he put a hand on Dustin’s shoulder, guiding him the hell away from this ass.

\*

“Seriously, who the fuck does that guy think he is? He can’t just talk to you like that, he’s supposed to be a teacher!” Steve was ranting angrily as he was driving them home. He could see from the corner of his eyes Dustin was rolling his. “Okay, why are you quiet all of a sudden? You usually can’t keep your mouth shut for five minutes.”

“Shut up. He’s been like that since he started to substitute for Mr. Reynolds.”

“Jesus, is that why you skipped so much last year?” Dustin gave him a look that no doubt meant ‘duh’. “You should’ve told me he was a dick.”

“I’m telling you now, he’s a dick,” Dustin told him, grinning.

“Language.”

“You literally just said it.”

“Yeah but I’m an adult.”

“Are you, Steve? Are you really?”

“Little shit. See if I make you anything for lunch tomorrow.”

In the end, they’d both been laughing when they’d arrived at the flat,

but the coach was still on Steve's mind. He thought about it while he was typing an essay for his economics class on his laptop and Dustin was working on some biology homework that Steve couldn't understand for the life of him. Either he would mail the principal, or he would just go back to talk with Billy tomorrow. That seemed like a more reasonable way to settle this.

Yes. He'd do that. Tomorrow he'll go and talk with Billy, surely they'd sort this out like two adults.

## 2. Playing with fire

### Summary for the Chapter:

Steve keeps bumping into Billy, metaphorically and not so much.

Steve was drinking his coffee at a table of the only coffee shop in Hawkins when he felt like someone was watching him. He lifted his head from the paper he was finishing writing for economics. He looked around and saw Dustin's coach staring at him. He was smirking, nonchalantly leaning against the counter like he owned the place. He was starting to get on Steve's nerves if he was honest. Instead of the shorts and shirt he'd been wearing the last time he saw him, Billy was now wearing tight jeans, a beige shirt, still with too many buttons opened, and a cigarette in his mouth. Steve rolled his eyes and got back to reading his paper.

He had another thirty minutes before he would have to go to work, he had to finish reading it in that time-frame. He was trying to focus on what economics meant to the international relations of the United States, but it was hard when he still felt Billy's eyes on him. He didn't know what his problem was, but boy did he annoy Steve.

He kept rereading the same sentence over and over again until he felt smoke in his face. He coughed and looked up. Of course, Dustin's coach.

"What the hell?"

"Fancy seeing you here. Dustin's brother, right?" Billy said, a sneer in his voice, inhaling on his cigarette.

"Legal guardian. Are you aware it's forbidden to smoke inside?" Steve asked.

"The girl at the counter and I have an understanding," Billy said in his deep voice, turning around slightly to wink at the same girl, who flushed. Jesus Christ. Billy turned back to him. "Isn't it boring to always follow the rules?"

“Is that why you like to bully your students?”

“Bully is a strong word. Here I come, making conversation and I'm feeling so attacked right now,” Billy smirked.

“It's the right word,” Steve retorted, tone hard. He was set on making him understand that he couldn't be a dick to kids. To *his* kid.

“Feisty. i like it. Also, I wasn't bullying your Dustin boy, I was merely pushing him to be better at basketball,” Billy shrugged.

“You were belittling a 14-year-old kid. What kind of coach are you?” Billy's eyes opened a little wider, taking a step back.

“I didn't realise that's what I was doing. My methods might be different from what you're used to but that's because I'm just a substitute. Otherwise these kids will never take it seriously; they need to learn to respect their teachers.”

“Bullshit. Does it make you feel better to put teenagers down? You better change your whole technique because I'm this close to contacting the principal,” Steve warned as he put his essay in his backpack.

“Woah, dude. No need to go that far. I need this job,” Billy told him, hands raised in surrender, eyebrows raised high.

“Better stop bullying kids then,” Steve said as he left Billy in the coffee shop.

\*

He spent his work day thinking about whether or not it was a good idea to go to Dustin's practice in the afternoon. That Billy guy made him feel uneasy. He was a bit of a dick and way too sure of himself.

He was still thinking about what he should do while cleaning the food counter when someone tapped on his shoulder. He turned

around and saw Nancy and Jonathan looking at him.

“Oh hey,” Steve said.

“Hey,” Nancy said with a small smile while Jonathan just nodded awkwardly at him.

“What are you doing here?” Steve asked.

“Well, it’s a movie theater and we wanted to watch a movie,” Nancy told him, laughing a little.

“Right.” Well done, Steve. “Do you need any help or...?”

“No, we’re good,” Jonathan said lowly, waving the movie tickets in his hand.

“How are you, Steve?” Nancy asked him, still smiling that sweet smile of hers. His heart clenched painfully.

“I’m fine, how are you? Are you alright? Everyone’s fine, we’re all fine,” Steve babbled.

“Okay,” Nancy said slowly.

Jonathan took her hand and they went into one of the screening rooms. It’s not that he was still in love with her or anything. They’d broken up months ago. It was just that it still stung to see them together, touching, kissing.

He was a mess. His stomach still clenched when he saw Nancy and her beautiful, so beautiful, face, her hair falling around it perfectly, that kind smile and her light blue eyes. He shook his head, trying to stop thinking about Nancy. Maybe, just maybe, he could get someone to stay with Dustin one night and he could go to bar and try to find a random girl to relax, let’s say.

It sounded like a good plan. He really needed to stop stressing about everything and there was no doubt he would keep bumping into Nancy. Hawkins wasn’t that big a city after all.

He finished his work while thinking about his plans of going out, so when he was done with his day he was in a better mood than before.

It was only when he pulled his car in front of the school that he remembered why he was there. Right. Making sure the ass of a coach didn't bully Dustin or any kid. He knew that Will was having a hard time as well, being the smaller kid in the class.

When he rounded the building and walked into the field the kids were running laps around it. He didn't see the coach, so he walked towards the benches and sat on one where he could see the whole field.

He noticed that Billy was actually leaning against the benches, slightly hidden from where Steve was sitting. He was smoking again, because of course he was. Smoking around kids, what else could Steve be expecting from that guy?

"Another one, faster this time," he heard Billy shout at the kids running.

Steve searched for Dustin and found him at the back, running slower than everyone else. He wasn't alone, though. He was with Lucas and Max, talking animatedly while running. Steve rolled his eyes. They were probably talking about some Dungeons and Dragons crap.

"You three," Billy shouted at them. "if you don't keep up you'll run two more laps."

Steve guessed that was fair considering they weren't paying attention to the task at hand.

Twenty minutes later the practice ended. The kids were slightly red from exertion and Steve's butt was numb. Maybe next time he would wait in his car, as he always did, because the benches were not comfortable at all. He came down and walked towards Dustin and his friends.

"You kids need a ride?" Steve asked, looking at Lucas and Max.

"Aw thank you Steve," Dustin exclaimed. The idiot.

"Not you, you're walking," Steve told him.

"Funny."

"I'm in," Lucas told Steve who looked at Max, raising an eyebrow in a silent question.

"I'm going home with my brother," she told him.

"Your brother?" Steve asked, raising both eyebrows. He didn't know she had one. He'd always thought she was an only child.

"Step-brother," he heard just next to his ear. He jumped back a little and saw Billy grinning. "Harrington," he said, nodding his head before looking at Max. "Come on, brat."

Steve, Dustin and Lucas watched them walk towards a *really* nice car.

"Uh!" Steve exclaimed, looking at the car speed up on the road.

"Come on, loser," Dustin said, shaking his arm.

They had dropped Lucas at his house and driven straight home. They were eating dinner when Steve decided to talk about his idea of going out to Dustin.

"So, I had an idea."

"Oh boy."

"Shush. So, I've been thinking that maybe tomorrow night you could stay at Lucas's or Mike's? Or at any one of your nerd friends' house?"

"Why?" Dustin asked, looking at him suspiciously.

"If you don't want to stay with them, just tell me, I mean, I'm not forcing you." Steve knew this would work, it always did.

"I'm not saying no. I just want to know why? If it is to do something illegal, can I come?"

"What the hell? No. I just need an evening out."

"Ooh, so you want to meet someone! Do you need me to help you with the purr a little bit to, you know, charm the ladies?" Dustin purred like he always did and Steve rolled his eyes.

"Oh my G-od. I told you to stop doing that, didn't I?"

"You did. I chose to not listen."

"Never mind, forget about that evening out. If you're going to be a brat you better stay home."

"No, no, I'm good, I swear. I can even do the dishes."

"You were going to wash them anyway, it's your turn," Steve told him as he got up to gather the plates.

\*

The next evening arrived faster than he had expected and there he was, standing in front of the bathroom mirror. His hair was styled as it always was, it worked for him and everyone else. He was wearing some black jeans, a bit tighter than usual, he knew how it affected the people around him. He was also wearing a white shirt, tucked nicely in his jeans. The whole look kind of worked. It would have to do anyway.

In the end, he went to a bar he used to sneak in when he was in high school. It was always full of college students, getting wasted or getting laid. But he liked the heavy air, the swaying of bodies dancing together. It was his kind of scene, and he needed to relax after all.

After having paid for a lager, he leaned against the bar looking at the

people dancing on some indie pop song. He noticed that a blonde girl was eyeing him, dancing in the sea of bodies. He raised an eyebrow, smiling, and she smiled back. She was pretty and looked nice. He could totally do this. The dancing and charming.

He walked towards the dance floor, beer bottle in hand, eyes on the pretty blonde.

“Hi there,” Steve shouted in her ear when he arrived in front of her.

“Hey,” she shouted back. “I’m Sandra.”

“Steve,” he said, winking at her. He saw her cheeks turn a pretty light pink and smirked.

He was dancing with her, her back to his front, she was grinding her ass against him to the rhythm of whatever shit song was playing. He kept nursing his beer as one of his hand was around her waist. The dancing wasn’t really doing it for him, to be honest. That was until he felt hot air against his ear and someone’s front plastered against his back.

“What the-”

“Twice in two days, Harrington,” he heard Billy shout in his ear. Well, *fuck*.

“The hell you doing?” Steve asked him, eyes wide. The girl was still dancing against him, completely oblivious to what was happening.

“Dancing. I gathered that was what you were doing with Blondie over here,” Billy said as he nodded towards the girl, putting one of his hand around Steve and took his beer, drinking from it.

“Can’t you get your own fucking drink?” Steve asked as he took the bottle back.

“Are you offering to pay?” Billy asked, his deep voice just next to his ear, his lips smirking. Steve rolled his eyes. “Okay, then let’s dance.”

With that Billy put his hands on Steve's waist; His hands felt like hot iron against him, even through the shirt. He couldn't get away from his heat, he was stuck between the girl and Billy, unable to escape. Not that he *really* wanted to, anyway. He didn't know what was happening. He didn't know if he liked it, but he knew that, if the heat pooling in his stomach was anything to go by, he didn't hate the way Billy was swaying his hips against his back. *Shit*.

"You're not dancing," Billy said in his ear.

"I'm-" The heavy air of sweat and alcohol was choking him, no longer nice. The hands on his waist were burning him almost as much as the breath against his ear and neck.

"I need to get out of here," Steve said suddenly, getting out of Billy's hold and gently pushing the girl away, at least enough for him to get out of this hot sandwich.

He felt instantly better as soon as he got out and the cold air hit his cheeks. He leaned against a wall next to the bar's entrance, breathing slowly. His brain was mush. Billy was a weird guy, but at the same time he'd liked dancing with him. The shape of his body against his.

G-od, what the hell was he thinking? Steve shook his head, cursing under his breath.

"Stop freaking out, Harrington," Billy said as he stepped out of the bar as well.

"I'm not freaking out," Steve said, his voice sounding weird even to his own ears. He didn't dare to look at Billy and his eyes were glued to the floor.

"Sure. So, wanna go back to dance?" Steve looked up, wide eyed. Was Billy...into guys? Not that he had a problem with it, Steve was himself unsure of his own sexuality. But that wasn't the point. Definitely not. The point was that he was Dustin's coach. His *very hot* coach. His coach nonetheless. "Are you having a sexuality crisis right now? You look like you are."

"I am not," Steve said, rolling his eyes. "You're Dustin's coach, you

can't fucking dance with me, people might see."

"This is a college bar, Harrington," Billy said as he stepped closer to Steve, he looked around him and back to Steve with a grin and said, "and I don't see anyone out here."

"Um," Steve swallowed hard as Billy stopped just in front of him.

"Unless you want to go back to Blondie. I'm sure a pretty boy like you can get any girl he wants. Or anybody, really," Billy told him, close, so fucking close.

Steve looked up and they stared at each other for what felt like fifteen minutes but was probably a few seconds. Hazel eyes staring into blue eyes. Billy must've seen something that satisfied him because suddenly he nodded, stepped back and smirked at Steve.

"See you around, Harrington."

Steve watched him leave, breathing hard. *What. The. Hell?*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Yay for chapter 2!

Thanks for the love on this fic, I'm really enjoying discovering this story and the characters at the same time as you do.

Sorry if there are any mistakes, I hope you enjoy anyway and tell me what you think of this one ;)

### 3. Let Me Hear You

#### Summary for the Chapter:

The one where Steve and Billy play basketball and shower together.

Steve woke up to a pounding in his head and on his bedroom door. He grunted, turned around in his bed when he heard Dustin's voice coming through the door, way too loud for his taste.

"Steve, come on. If you're still sleeping, I'm going to drive your car!"

"Too early, Dustin," Steve grumbled, probably too low for Dustin to hear.

"I'm going to be late, dickhead!"

Steve groaned, grabbed a random pair of jeans, a random shirt and opened his door, coming face to face with an angry looking Dustin.

"What time is it?" He grumbled.

"I'm so happy you decided to join the world of the living even if you look like shit. It's 7:30," Dustin told him.

"Argh, fuck."

"Yes, fuck."

"Language," Steve mumbled.

"Fuck language, you've been making me walk to and back from school for two days now. I don't know what the shit's with you, but you're driving me today," Dustin said, throwing Steve's jacket in his face.

Obviously, Steve ended up driving Dustin to school. He just had the time to pull up in front of it that Dustin was out, flipping him the bird. He slammed the car door and Steve slammed his own head against the wheel. He'd been having some trouble sleeping since the

night at the bar and he was so tired.

Someone knocked violently on the car roof making Steve jump and bump his head against it. He squinted at the window and saw Billy's face, grinning.

Well, fuck. Today was just not his day.

"What d'ya want?" Steve asked him when he'd rolled down his window.

"You are a sight for sore eyes, Harrington," Billy exclaimed.

"What. Do. You. Want?"

"Okay, straight to it. I like it. Come watch the practice this afternoon."

"To see that your students are better than you?"

"Dustin sure isn't."

"Fuck off."

"Mature. It's parent-teacher day. Practice, be there," Billy said as he strutted towards the school. His jeans fitted his ass *really* well.

Jesus. Steve shook his head. Back to earth. Work, he needed to go to work.

\*

He had been leaning against the cash machine in the cinema, bored out of his mind, when something had come to his mind. Billy had said it was parent-teacher day, but Dustin hadn't said anything about that. Either Billy was lying, which was more than probable, or Dustin didn't want him to come. After all he'd graduated high-school just one year ago.

He thought about it all afternoon, not sure if he would go or not. He'd avoided driving Dustin to school because he'd been afraid to bump into Billy; He wasn't *afraid* of Billy, so to speak. He was just afraid of what could result of another exchange between them. He was confused about what he was feeling towards the coach. These electric feelings he'd first felt with Nancy, which had turned into love, to end up being crushed by heartbreak.

Steve had shaken these thoughts away, fast. Nancy had been different. He wasn't feeling anything for Billy except this weird attraction. An attraction which Billy seemed to feel as well, if the dancing at the bar was anything to go by.

He ended up asking his boss to leave earlier anyway. He didn't want to risk missing the parent-teacher meeting, and if it wasn't true, well, he'd won half an hour off of work.

The confirmation of Billy's lie was when Steve arrived on the field and only Billy was there, getting everything ready before the practice. Steve walked towards him, planting himself in front of him.

"What the fuck, Billy?"

"Am I dreaming or is that you, Harrington?" Billy grinned. He was starting to seriously piss Steve off.

"Yeah, it's me. Don't cream your pants. There's no fucking parent-teacher meeting," Steve fumed. Billy always made him so angry with his fucking smirk and his always open shirt. Couldn't he fucking button it like a normal human being?

"There could be some fucking parent-teacher if you weren't so stuck up, Harrington," Billy said lowly, the fucking smirk still on his face. Steve rolled his eyes, cheeks flushing slightly.

"What am I doing here?"

"Spending quality time with Hawkins's best coach."

"Give me a break."

"Calm down, Harrington. Just sit down and watch practice," Billy

said as the students arrived.

“Why would I do that? You made me lose half an hour worth of money.”

“If you sit quietly and don’t bark at me any more I’ll let you kick my ass at basketball after practice.” Billy and him stared at each other, Billy looking at him from high above, as always, even if he was only slightly taller than Steve, while Steve was squinting at him suspiciously. The kicking ass part sounded tempting. He felt like putting Billy back in his place would be a great end to this horrendous day.

Steve was going to answer when Dustin arrived with Will and Max.

“You’re way too early,” he told Steve.

“yeah, yeah, I know. Rita let me off of work earlier than usual and I had nothing better to do.”

Okay, not the best excuse, but that seemed to work. Dustin and his friends proceeded to do what their coach told them to do, alternating between running and walking. Steve had sat on the same bench he’d sat on a few weeks earlier. The practice went more or less quickly. The class played basketball while Billy shouted things at them.

By the time the class ended, Steve was almost asleep on the bench. His lack of sleep was beginning to be a problem.

Someone shook his shoulders.

“Wake up, sleeping beauty,” Dustin’s voice said from above him.

Steve opened his eyes and saw his face hover over him.

“Are you even okay to drive? You’re probably going to kill us. Did you know that you need to have slept at least six hours to drive safely? You look like you’ve got that exact amount in the whole week and I don’t want to die.”

“Sounds fake.”

"Is not."

"Why are you so annoying today?"

"I'm annoying every day, you just like me too much to realise."

"Sure, that must be it," Steve said while he rolled his eyes. He stood up and stretched. Sleeping on the bench had been a bad idea, now his back was all stuck. He looked around and saw Will waiting for Dustin on the field, while Billy was smirking at him. He raised his eyebrow.

Steve sighed. Oh well, what could happen?

He asked Will if his mom would mind if Dustin tagged along for a while. When he was sure that it didn't, Dustin and him left to jump in Joyce's car. He looked at the car leave and walked down the benches and onto the field where Billy had been waiting.

"You're not playing in jeans," Billy snickered, throwing sport clothes in Steve's face.

He quickly changed in the lockers and went back on the basketball court next to the field. Billy had also changed his clothes, and by that he just had taken off his shirt but had kept his *very short* shorts on.

Fuck his life.

Steve's eyes, having a life of their own, trailed down Billy's toned torso, to the ass the shorts were hugging so tightly. Damn. Steve was never going to survive this game. When he looked up he saw Billy's evil smirk and he knew he'd seen him stare.

"Let's play, asshole," Steve said, fighting a blush.

\*

Not surprisingly enough, Billy played dirty and rough.

Steve was currently on the ground. Billy had pushed him to get the ball, resulting in Steve falling on his back. He'd stayed there, questioning all his life choices.

Billy walked to him, bending over a bit, extending his hand. Steve reached for his hand in order to get up but as he tried to Billy stayed where he was. Their faces ended really fucking close, too close.

"You're not planting your feet right," Billy said roughly, his light eyes raking over Steve's body, his shirt stuck to his sweaty torso, and his shorts riding up his thighs.

Steve was burning under his gaze. He felt sweaty and hot. He needed a shower and to get away from Billy. He pushed the coach away with his other hand and stood up.

"I think that's enough for today," he told Billy, not sparing the curly haired boy a glance and walking towards the locker room.

Once under the shower he allowed himself to breathe. The tension between Billy and him had been too much, the close contact, the stares. He allowed himself to close his eyes and tilted his hair back under the hot spray of the shower.

He heard the shower next to him start so he opened his eyes, startled. They landed on a *very very* naked Billy staring at him with dark eyes.

"Um," Steve was at loss of words. Too much nakedness. Billy was killing him.

"Am I making you uncomfortable, Harrington?"

"N-no."

"Are you sure?" Billy asked, his low voice drowning Steve. He saw from the corner of his eyes that the taller boy was getting closer to him.

Steve put one hand on the wall. He knew what Billy wanted, and, *hell*, Steve wanted it too. At one point during their tense basketball game he'd stopped freaking out and accepted that he was attracted to Billy.

“What about now?” He heard Billy’s rough voice ask just next to his ear, his hot, humid breath against Steve’s neck.

Steve bit his lips. The water wasn’t warm anymore, it was hot, too hot. He was burning. He opened his eyes, not realising he had closed them in the first place, and looked at Billy.

The coach was looking down. When he looked back up to Steve, he licked his mouth, his eyes were so dark, it was like his irises had swallowed everything.

“Looks like something’s not that uncomfortable,” Billy said and looked down again. Steve did as well, and his eyes opened wide. His dick was hard, so hard it looked painful.

Fuck. Fuck. *Fuck.*

“Harrington, can I-” Billy started asking, approaching his hand from Steve’s crotch.

“Yes,” Steve half moaned as he took Billy’s hand to put it on him.

Billy’s hand stroked him experimentally, his hand feeling heavenly on Steve’s cock. He threw his head back and moaned louder when Billy’s hand sped up a little. He put a hand on his mouth, if they got caught he’d be in so much trouble.

“No, let me hear you,” Billy roughly said.

Steve whimpered a little. Billy turned off the shower and pushed Steve against the wall. He pushed himself flush against him.

They stared at each other, the sound of their laboured breathing was the only thing that could be heard. The staring contest lasted only a few seconds when they both at the same time leaned in and kissed violently. All the pent-up tension resulting in lips against lips, licking, biting.

Steve whimpered again into the kiss, his hips thrusting. His dick slid against Billy’s and Billy groaned. Steve felt him moving his hands to his ass, grabbing his cheeks roughly and pushed him even closer.

"Fucking shit," Billy grunted as he took one hand off of Steve's ass to take both his and Steve's cock in his hand, stroking oh so deliciously.

"Fuck," Steve moaned loudly.

"That's it, let it out. No," Billy said when Steve flushed and tried to bite his lip. "I want everyone to hear how I can make you moan so prettily."

*"Shit."*

Billy sped up his strokes, all the while fucking his tongue into Steve's mouth. Steve was holding on Billy's hair for dear life. The lust was driving him out of his mind. He felt his orgasm approach quickly, too quickly, but he couldn't care less. He need to come *now*.

"Billy," Steve moaned, thrusting his dick into Billy's hand some more.

"Yes, that's it pretty boy," Billy whispered roughly in Steve's ear.

His hand still on Steve's ass moved slightly and Steve felt one of Billy's fingers against his hole, and he was done for. He came with a shout, painting Billy's hand with his come.

Billy groaned, let go of Steve's spent-up dick and stroke his own, fast and urgent. He came with a grunt on Steve's stomach.

Steve didn't even think about saying anything. The afterglow was hitting him hard and he was laying heavily against the wall. Both men were breathing hard.

"What just happened?" Steve asked breathlessly.

Billy smirked, turning the shower on. He washed himself at lighting speed and walked towards the exit. Steve had been leaning against the wall the whole time, just watching him, and still not believing what had just happened. Billy stopped and turned around.

"I don't know what the fuck happened, but I'd definitely let you fuck me sometimes," Billy said before winking and leaving Steve there.

Steve, who was feeling very turned on again. He groaned and turned

the shower back on.

He'd definitely take Billy on that offer.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Aaah last chapter! I hope this doesn't feel rush or anything. I knew from the beginning that this would not be a long fic because let's be honest I'm better at writing SKAM stuff. But I had to end this one early because uni is kicking my arse big time.

I obviously HAD to insert the basketball and shower scenes, because of reasons. Some smutt here and there, beware.

I hope y'all enjoyed this fun one!  
Tell me what you think in the comments ;)

(I hope I didn't make too many mistakes, as always I proofread myself, so.)

### **Author's Note:**

Okay, so this wasn't planed at all. I was bored and didn't want to study anymore and talked with a friend about Dad Steve and considering I'm still thinking about him and Billy (the shower scene, am I right?) - here's the (short) first introductory chapter of this weird fic!

I'm not used to writing them as characters yet, I hope we can't feel that much, otherwise I'm fucked hey. But anyway.

Sorry for any mistake, as always, I proofread myself, and English is not my native language.

Enjoy and tell me what you think, sorry if it's crap ;)